



Lord, I'm just a little boy,  
Hidden in the night;  
Let Your angels spy me out  
Long before it's light.  
I would be the first to wake,  
And the first to raise,  
In this quiet house of ours,  
Songs of love and praise.  
You shall hear me first, dear Lord,  
Blow my Christmas horn;  
Let Your angels waken me  
On Your birthday morn.

—T. A. Daly.